

Emil. That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving Mistress.

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace, and blowes.

Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It shall be so; you shall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twere wrong else,
Sister, bestrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wise:

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florish.* *Exeunt omnes.*

Scena 6. Enter Taylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safetic: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate, if the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not so easily
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or ile proclaime him
And to his face, no-man: Ile presently
Provide him necessities, and packe my cloathes up,
And where there is a path of ground Ile venture
So hee be with me; By him, like a shadow
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub
Will be all ore the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they looke for: farewell Father;
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now to him:

Actus Tertius.

Scena 1. Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hypolita; each tooke
A severall land. This is a solemne Right
They owe bloome May, and the Athenians pay it
To'th heart of Ceremony: O *Queene Emilia*
Fresher then May, sweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea
(We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph
That makes the streame seeme flowers; thou o Jewell
O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
That I poore man might esloones come betweene
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance
To drop on such a Mistress, expectation
most guiltlesse on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne) how far

F 2

Cornets in
undry places,
Noise and
hallowing as
people a May-
ing;